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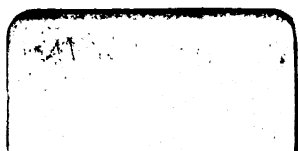
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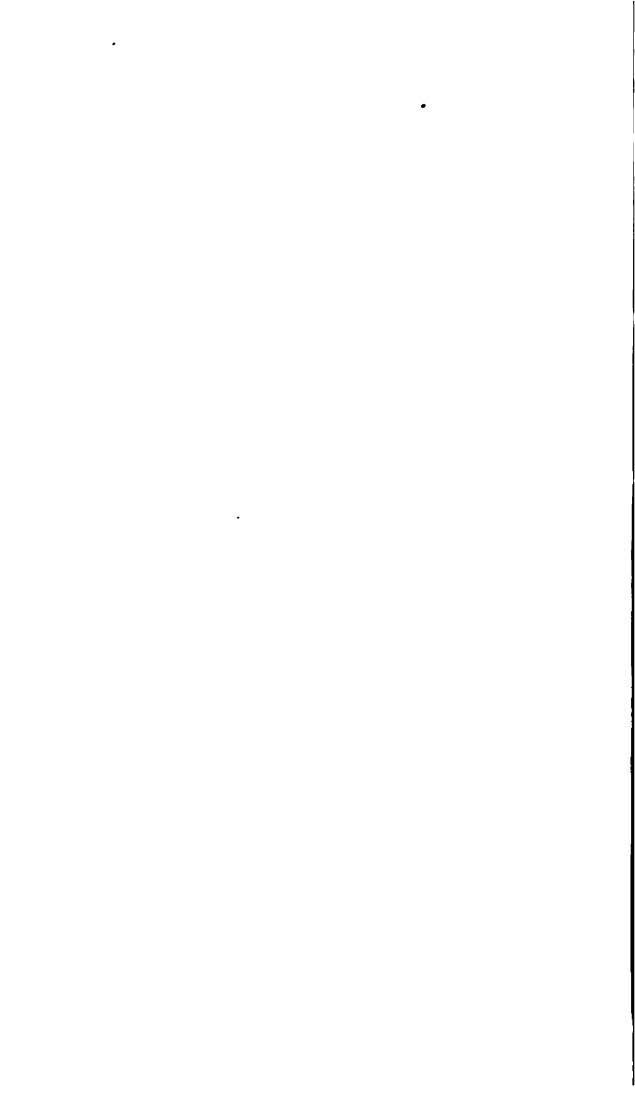
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NB0

Uncle Author.





Ship Lane. Agassiz.
From his sister
Edgar

NBO
Uncle

Handwritten text, likely a signature or name, written in a cursive script. The text is oriented horizontally but appears to be written on a page that has been rotated 90 degrees clockwise. The characters are dark and somewhat stylized, typical of 18th or 19th-century handwriting.

H O M E :

ITS JOYS AND ITS SORROWS.

A DOMESTIC TALE.

BY

UNCLE AUTHOR.

How quick the change from joy to woe !

How chequer'd is our lot below !

COWPER.

NEW YORK:

TAYLOR AND DODD,

**JUVENILE AND SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOKSELLERS.—CORNER
PARK ROW AND SPRUCE STREET.**

1840.

20

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P R E F A C E.

SYMPATHY for the sufferings of another is a feeling so wisely implanted in the human breast, and the healthy exercise of that feeling so essential to the well-being of society, that any narration, however simple, however artlessly told, which tends to excite this, the best principle of our being, must be esteemed a useful addition to the literature of the day.

It is to cherish this principle in the hearts of those just entering upon the world's cold formalities—just leaving, it

may be, that Home where a mutual interchange of kindnesses, and a reciprocity of feeling have been inculcated—that the following little tale is presented to the notice of the public.

HOME:

ITS JOYS AND ITS SORROWS.

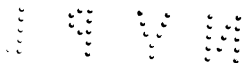
CHAPTER I.

"AND buried, say you?" "Yes: buried—some time since," said the elder of two respectable looking ladies, who passed close by my side, while leisurely sauntering through one of the quiet streets in the suburbs of this vast metropolis—"And the history of whose latter days," continued the speaker, "if truly narrated, would form one of those sad domestic tales which ——" The remaining words died upon the air, and the strangers were soon out of sight; yet, so earnest was their manner, and their subject apparently of such deep interest to them, that the impression made upon my mind was of no ordinary nature, and in the mood in which I then was, gave rise

to numerous reflections upon the many and various subjects which agitate this world's bosom.

My musing, however, was at length interrupted, and my attention arrested by one of those busy, yet not altogether uninteresting scenes, a public auction. I felt myself instinctively drawn towards the door, and my eye attracted by the square piece of carpet suspended at the threshold, on which were a few leaves "shivering in the wind," informing the passer-by that "this day would be sold, by public auction, the household furniture, and other effects late the property of a widow-lady deceased." The constant influx and reflux of people, consisting chiefly of porters, brokers, and shabbily-dressed, yet business-like women, prevented my obtaining a more particular knowledge of the printed inventory, than that a few books and pictures would close the sale of the day.

Thus apprized, (my mind still dwelling upon the words I had heard, and little doubting but this was the place to which the strangers were approaching,) I entered the house, and made my way into the once quiet parlour of the now deceased inhabitant. "Alas!" thought I, as I sur-



veyed its dilapidated hangings, dusty walls, and disordered air, "is it thus that the few necessary articles of life—collected perhaps with anxious care, and preserved with scrupulous economy, some indeed with sacred regard—is it thus that the little all is dismembered, each separated from its fellow, and scattered among the strange multitude of the world! The reflection was interesting though sad, and I indulged the particular vein of thought which then obtruded itself. I assimilated this little scene of desolation with the more extensive, though to me not more impressive ruin—the downfall of a populous city; wherein the beauteous specimens of art, the ingenious devices of men, and the still more important remains of their forefathers, are deprived of their careful owners by some unexpected calamity, some 'pestilence that walketh at noonday.' Here, thought I, are the ruins of one family—there, the wreck of many! Here are the testimonies of prudence, springing from that purest of affections, a LOVE OF HOME;—there the memorials of a people whose importance arose from their industrious cultivation of the soil—their commercial intercourse with the world—their due adminis-

tration of justice—their LOVE OF COUNTRY. Wherein, I asked, exists the difference, save in extent? For as, in the one case, the noble public monuments, the

‘Storied urn, and animated bust,’

disclose a tale of departed greatness; so, in the present is to be seen many a dear memento significant of domestic peace.”

I was here disturbed in my reverie by the entrance of the porters: they soon however retired, and again left me almost alone. I looked around the room, my eyes wandering over the confused mass, until they rested on a small collection of books, arranged on a neat card-table. The first I opened was entitled, “A Tribute of Sympathy,”—a rather elegantly bound volume. On one of the blank leaves was written in a beautifully clear hand—“*The gift of an affectionate Daughter, to a dearly beloved Parent.*” I closed the book with a sigh—noted the number of the lot—and felt inquisitive to see into whose hands the work would fall.

Another interruption informed me that the time

had arrived for the disposal of the books I was inspecting ; and while they were collecting, I made for the room of sale on the first floor. Having, with some difficulty, forced myself in at the door, I was soon in the midst of the motley group ; but was rather surprised to observe a genteel, and evidently much interested coterie, male and female, (amongst whom I thought I observed the strangers before alluded to,) seated around the table below the auctioneer ; and who, as each lot was presented to their notice, exchanged expressive looks of pleasure or of sorrow, clearly indicating an intimate knowledge of the deceased. Behind this group of persons stood a venerable gentleman, whose wrinkled yet placid visage, and snow-white locks, contrasted strongly with his neat, though antiquated suit of black. He rested on a long gold-headed cane, and his capacious pockets gave evidence of his having already become a purchaser of various trifles. At length the book, to which my attention had before been directed, was offered for sale. Immediately on its announcement I made a bidding ; but found as it was handed round the table, and marked reference made to the superscription, that I should

meet with many a competitor. The next offer to my own was from the venerable gentleman opposite; and who, as he stood directly in my view, I could well observe. Nor shall I readily forget the look he cast towards the auctioneer, as he raised his eyes from the written memorial: glistening with a tear, yet sparkling with benevolence, they strongly expressed the workings of his mind. He seemed to possess but sufficient voice to give utterance to his bidding; and while two or three others were received, he hastily wiped away the evidence of his grief, and raising his head, mildly inclined it for another advance. His opponents, on their recognizing (as it appeared to me) who they were contending against, immediately ceased to make any further offers, and seemed pleased that they had it in their power to grant their friend a favor. Not so myself, however: for notwithstanding I had observed, more minutely perhaps than any one in the room, the effect produced upon him by the offering of this lot, still my own inclination to possess the affectionate tribute was so strong—an inclination rather increased than diminished by what I saw passing around me—that I could not withhold another bidding, and

should, I think, have repeated my offer, had not my eyes met his as I was about to proceed. It was a glance of reproof, as I interpreted it, desiring at the same time to know why I crossed his path in pursuit of the prize, yet it closed with a smile of self-satisfaction and resolve, assuring me that my opposition was fruitless. It was sufficient. I was silent—the treasure was his. And as he received it, I upbraided myself for my pertinacity; but it was the pertinacity of affectionate curiosity.

The venerable gentleman now appeared to glance hastily over the catalogue, and finding, as I supposed, that nothing of importance remained unsold, he proceeded to leave the room. By this time I had become greatly interested in him. His aged appearance first attracted my attention, and won my respect; the similarity of our inclinations in the pursuit of one object, so far from exciting feelings of rivalry and disappointment, had created in me a sympathetic glow of satisfaction—he seemed pleased, and I shared his happiness. It was not the smile of triumph that “rippled o’er the fine atlantic of his countenance,”—it was the softened beam of delight, emanating from the purest of the heart’s affections. Having there-

fore, as it seemed, completed the object of his visit, he proceeded to leave a scene which but ill accorded with the retired quietness of his manners, and the attendant feebleness of his age. Observing he had some difficulty in making his way to the door, I involuntarily pressed forward to assist his endeavor. In this I was successful; and as we passed the threshold together, he gracefully raised his hand to his hat, accompanying the salutation by an expression of thanks, more, however, of looks than of words; for although I observed a movement in his lips, the confusion was so great, that my ear scarcely caught the sound of his voice. I wished for an introduction, and would gladly have availed myself of this opportunity. "I'll follow and speak to him," thought I: "the publicity of our rencontre will excuse a trifling deviation from good manners." My step was as quick as my thought, and I overtook him at the instant he was leaving the house. A smart shower for a moment delayed his departure; but vigorously unfurling his umbrella, he proceeded to buffet the storm. Turning the angle of the door-way, however, he observed his late opponent, looking up, I suppose, with that

mingled expression of vexation and enquiry with which persons generally eye an interruption by rain; and, on the instant, offered the shelter of his umbrella, accompanying the invitation by saying: "One good turn, sir, deserves another: come, you have just helped me through the crowd—I will now do my best to help you through the shower." I thanked him for his courtesy, and we proceeded on our way.

"A busy scene that we have just left," I said, interrupting the short pause which succeeded our first introduction.

"It is, sir," he replied; "and to me, and to others also who were there, it is a scene of affectionate interest and solicitude, as well as of business."

"Indeed!" said I, in a seemingly enquiring tone.

"Ah! sir," he added, with a long-drawn sigh, "that house was once the abode of cheerfulness, although, within the last few months, it has become the house of mourning—been visited by the chastenings of Him whose ways are past finding out."

"It was the property of a widow lady," I observed: "you knew her, sir, perhaps."

"I did: and to know her was to esteem her. I knew her, sir, before she was a widow—before she was a wife—yea, before she was grown to womanhood—even when a child. It is some years since I was at her christening though"—and a tear started to his eye as he finished the sentence—"it is but a few days since I was at her funeral."

"And her daughter is——"

"Her daughter!" he reiterated, looking me full in the face: "I perhaps am talking to a friend of the family. But no: I knew all their friends."

"Indeed, sir, I had not that honor; but——"

"Then how came you to know that she had a daughter?"

Here an opportunity seemed to offer, which I readily embraced, of explaining the cause of my first introduction to the room of sale; taking occasion to apologise for my seeming pertinacity in pursuit of the book he had purchased, and from which, as I informed him, I had obtained my knowledge of the lady's having possessed a daughter. Anticipating, rather than waiting the

conclusion of my explanation, he grasped my hand with a fervor beyond his years, and exclaimed: "Sir, I honor your motive; nor know I which most to admire—your earnestness in pursuit of the affectionate memorial, endeavoring thereby to save from the rude hands of an unfeeling world a trifle sacred to paternal endearment; or your readiness in yielding the prize to another, whom you thought—for it could but be a thought—more particularly interested in its possession. Sir, I honor your motive; I thank you for your consideration."

To have answered, on the instant, this flattering encomium, evidently delivered under feelings of strong excitement, was impossible; and I was therefore happy in being in some measure relieved from it, by his arrival at home. As he raised his hand to the door, I thanked him for his condescension, and wishing him a good day, was about to depart. It still, however, continued to rain. He proffered me his umbrella. I thanked him, but declined his offer. "Then you must walk in, sir, until it clears up," said he, as the servant opened the door. "Come, stand not upon ceremony with an aged man," he added, as he

pressed me forward, thereby relieving me from all fear of intrusion: "a short time and the shower will be over."

The period in which all this was done was of such trifling duration, that ere I could compose myself to do justice in words to his polite and friendly behavior, I found myself in a small, though neatly furnished apartment.

"Tell your mother I want her," said he to the little servant, as she took my hat and was leaving the room. And then turning to me, he added: "You see, Mr. ——— (I have not the pleasure, sir, of knowing your name.)" "Frankland," I replied.—"Frankland! Pray are you related to the Franklands of Leicestershire?" I assured him I was not. "Because," continued he, "had you been, I should have considered it an additional recommendation to my regard." And then, with the usual garrulity of old age, commenced informing me of his long and intimate acquaintance with a family of that name; in the course of which conversation, I learned, to my great surprise, that he was in his eightieth year. I could not but interrupt him, by complimenting his healthy appearance, and expressed my wonder at

his being able to go through all the fatigues of attending a public sale.

"Why, sir," said he, "it is not every day I could do such a thing; but you are aware that, sometimes, the bodily powers are much aided by the mental:—I felt a great, though a melancholy interest in all that took place there to-day."

"I thought I observed that to be the case," I replied; and was about to make further comment, when I was interrupted by the entrance of an elderly female, apparently his housekeeper.

"Mrs. Wilmot—Mr. Frankland," he said, introducing me; "but not of the Leicestershire stock, of whom I sometimes chat to you so much about." And then, changing the course of his thoughts, he adverted to his morning's business, at the same time disburdening his pockets of their contents. "I have succeeded," he said, addressing himself to Mrs. Wilmot, "in obtaining every article I wished for—every one; for although the trifles I have purchased were much sought after, (as indeed was every thing else in the house, and high prices given for them,) still, as was the case with Mr. Frankland here, the bidders were all kind enough to yield to an aged

man; and in so doing," he added, "they little know how much I thank them." Then turning to me, and placing his hand upon the lot, (which consisted of two or three books, a couple of miniatures, a few trinkets, and something in a morocco case,) "These trifles, sir, had they a voice, could each disclose a tale deeply interesting to the hopes and happiness of their late owners—my dear departed friends." As it was, however, they failed not to draw forth, more especially from his aged helpmate, tears of sympathy, and looks of sorrowful recollection. "Ah! poor Louisa," she softly sighed, as she received from his hand the last article he had purchased, "I was with you when you made the choice of this book, and saw you trace these lines with dutiful affection!" and she turned towards the window, not so much to observe what was passing without, as to endeavor to chase away the starting tear. The aged gentleman's feelings were also too evident to be misunderstood in his restless eagerness, to remove for the present, these little affectionate mementos from the sight of one whose loss was apparently too recent to bear such an excitement. She however interrupted him by requesting permission to

take the book into her own keeping. This was instantly granted, and I felt an additional satisfaction in having yielded to my friend. ~

The servant now entered, and appeared to be preparing for dinner ; while I, the shower being over, again essayed to take my leave. This, however, was not so easily effected ; for the worthy gentleman interposed, and begged if I had no engagement, that I would stay and partake of his homely, though welcome fare ; and whether it was that he had a very happy way of enforcing his request, or that my inclination to become better acquainted with him was more than ordinarily strong, certain it is, I needed little more than his first solicitation, and readily acquiesced in his desire.

To while away the irksome half-hour preparatory to dinner, he took me into his study, as also into his drawing-room ; showing me, in the one place, the heads of his own, or as he said, the Darnley Family ; and in the other, a choice collection of drawings in water-colors, and an exquisite piece of needlework : "both," said he, "from the fair hand of a young and accomplished friend."

At length we were summoned to dinner. During our meal, the conversation turned upon our morning's meeting ; nor could I but express both surprise and pleasure at the trifling circumstance that had led me into such agreeable society.

"And great things not unfrequently spring from trifling causes, replied my venerable friend: " I have often felt, and I have no doubt sir, but you have often remarked, that freedom of intercourse is more restrained by persons who have arrived at my age than it is in those of your standing. For although, in the one case, a modest timidity will too frequently prevent the assimilation of youthful spirits, a cold and wary reserve not unfrequently forms a much stronger barrier to an intercourse with age. But, sir, I have lived long in the world—seen much of it ; and to speak the truth, appear to be living too long, for I am out-living all my friends."

" Besides, sir," said Mrs. Wilmot, " Mr. Darnley has great faith in the science of phrenology : nor is his faith stronger than his knowledge is profound ; and therefore——"

" Silence, silence !" he cried, interrupting her.

" And therefore," she continued, " a person so

informed can scarcely consider any one as a stranger; at least five minutes will be sufficient to acquaint him whether he may safely intrust himself in another's company."

From the tone of raillery and arch manner in which this was delivered, I suspected that a difference of opinion existed on this subject, and hoped to hear its merits fully canvassed. In this, however, I was disappointed, Mr. Darnley's mind being evidently too much engrossed on some other subject, and his spirits at too low an ebb, to carry him through a controversy with his fair challenger. He therefore only replied by saying, that his knowledge of the human face divine—an index which he had consulted for three-score years and ten, and which had generally afforded him a fair estimate of the heart—was to him a much readier and more conclusive test than the lumps and bumps of the cranium; still, he respected both theories—phrenology and physiognomy—and in common with all the world, occasionally submitted them to practice.

At length our agreeable meal was concluded; yet still my worthy friend's mind appeared to dwell on his recent loss; for to whatever subject

I endeavoured to direct it, he invariably reverted to the evidently all-engrossing one. Considering therefore, that nothing is of more service to a "mind diseased," than that it should meet with a willing ear to listen to its wailings, I pressed him to disburden his evidently overcharged heart, by relating to me the history of the little family in whose fate he appeared so deeply interested. He immediately complied; and that too in so ready a manner, as at once to convince me that he was pleased with my request. The following, as near as I can recollect, were his words:—

CHAPTER II.

IN the present state of my feelings (said my worthy friend) you could not have made a request more consonant with my wish ; but you must not, in the sad tale I am about to unfold, expect to meet with a highly-drawn picture of striking events : it will consist of the "simple annals" of an affectionate family, the greater part of whom have returned to the earth from whence they arose, and some of whom experienced a more than usual share of the common lot—trouble. The name of the lady, (for why need I disguise a name, the sound of which had so frequently cheered the sinking heart, and which was ever in itself a recommendation to every good work ?) the name of the lady, sir was Harrington, widow of my esteemed friend, Alfred Harrington, a captain in the service of the East India Company. She was the only child of Reginald Webster, who, with her mother, died ere their daughter

arrived at womanhood, leaving her under my guardianship, Passing over the days of her childhood, as also over that period when she gave her hand and her heart—with my full concurrence—to him who had assiduously sought, and truly deserved her esteem, I shall bring you to that part of her life which became chequered by misfortune. Blessed with three beautiful children—two boys and a girl—that affection which was considered scarcely susceptible of increase, exhibited the natural enhancement which offspring invariably bestows. Already had her husband, though still a young man, made several successful voyages; but the necessarily long absence from all he held dear, rendered that profession which was once his delight, irksome, and indeed almost unbearable. “With this voyage therefore, father,” said he, (for by that endearing name he used to call me—having, as in the case of his wife, early lost his own,) “with this voyage, I shall

‘Coil up my hopes, and anchor on shore.’”

Thus determined, he again departed, leaving to the care of that Providence who had hitherto

protected them, a treasure far dearer to him than all the rich possessions of the land to which he was proceeding : while the period of absence was, as before, filled up by his wife in the delightful occupation of educating her little ones : and often, as she dilated, with all a mother's fondness, on their rising merits, would she breathe forth a sigh for the return of her dear Alfred.

If, sir, you have never been intimately acquainted with the wife of a man following the dangerous profession of a mariner—a truly affectionate, confiding, and sensitive wife, I mean—such an one as was my much-lamented friend, you can scarcely have an idea of the many hopes and fears which agitate her gentle bosom. Truly and feelingly has it been asked by one, who seems well able to appreciate every motion in the hearts of her sex*—

“ What is her life ?—a fevered dream ;
 Her love ?—a transient hour of bliss ;
 A sunlight on life's darken'd stream,
 But not domestic happiness !

* * * * *

* Mrs. C. B. Wilson.

In all she sees—in all she hears,
One image reigns alone confess'd;
And fancy weaves a web of fears
To rack her fond and faithful breast!"

And such was the state of my friend's mind; for owing to some important business which her husband had to transact, this, his last voyage, was a very protracted one, taking nearly two years in its completion. At length, however, the time drew near when the wish of her heart was to be gratified—when he whom she adored would clasp her in his arms, caress his children, and fondly scan their rising beauties. For some days we had made enquiries at the proper office, and narrowly inspected the public prints, for information of the ship's arrival at one of the out-ports; and after an unusually prolonged period, (so prolonged, indeed, as to occasion an anxiety which seriously affected her health,) the vessel was announced to be in the Downs. And deep was her regret at being unable to leave home, and proceed to meet him: but her delicate state of health prevented; and she could do no more, therefore, than patiently await his arrival, and endeavor to chase away the anxieties of suspense, by busying herself for his reception.

At last, early one morning, while we were all seated at breakfast, (for I had taken my usual station at his table, surrounded by his little ones, to give him a hearty welcome,) the long-wished for sound of a coach was heard approaching. In an instant all were at the window—and in another all were at the door. But alas! the cruel disappointment! It was not her husband—it was not their father—it was not my friend; but a tall, gentlemanly, military-looking man. The wife, whom days of painful and protracted anxiety had rendered extremely sensitive, appeared to hold her breath, as she involuntarily clasped her hands; and, in a moment, fear, in its most distressing form, seemed to seize her whole frame. The children, perceiving it was not their father, stood quiescent at the threshold, while the stranger ascended the steps. Little Louisa first caught his attention; and as he patted her fair face, a tear was seen to trickle down his manly cheek. It was evident he was the bearer of bad news, and that the anxious and interesting group at the door had unmanned him. “Pray, sir, is your name Harrington?” he said, in a faltering voice, addressing himself to me.

"No, sir," said the wife, stepping forward, one hand pressing her breast, and the other grasping my feeble arm for support; "*my* name is Harrington: I am ——" and unable to utter another word, she gave a convulsive sob, and would have fallen, had not the stranger extended his help to her.

"Alas!" he said, as he resigned her fainting form into the arms of her maid, her dear little ones pressing around her in wonder and in tears; "alas! her fears are too true. Who so sensitive as a fond wife and an affectionate mother? It needed no words, you see, sir, to inform her of the distressing event of which I am commissioned to be the unhappy bearer. Her husband, the worthy and intelligent Captain Harrington, has fallen a victim to the perils of his profession. On the night of the 21st of March, on our homeward bound passage, while off the Cape of Good Hope, he was washed overboard during a violent storm—and was never heard of, or seen afterwards."

He then went on to detail, as minutely as his feelings would permit, the few particulars of this sudden and disastrous event; appearing more pleased, however, in dwelling on the merits of

our dear Alfred as a commander and a man, and chiefly on the manner in which he had won the esteem of all the passengers on board—himself amongst the number, an officer on leave of absence from Bengal—than upon the untoward event which had occasioned his visit to the bereaved family.

In a short time the widowed mother entered, scarcely able to support herself, or pay the slightest attention to the lovely children clinging around her. My tears, I believe, now confirmed what she had so readily surmised; and as the stranger rose from his seat to welcome her, he pathetically deplored the sad circumstance that had deprived her of so excellent a husband, and her children of so fond a father—related to her many a little incident in which the Captain's recollection of home was interwoven—and concluded by calling her attention to the care of those little ones whom fate had deprived of their chief protector. Then, kissing the children, and promising to make another and an early call, (before which, he said, we should perhaps learn, from some portion of the ship's crew, a more circumstantial account of the accident than he was

just then able to give,) he took his departure—leaving all whom he had visited in a state of mind not easily described, but which every one who has a heart to feel can readily imagine.

Several days now passed in the most distressing manner. The shock had been so great; her anticipated joy had been so suddenly changed to the most hopeless despair; she had so long dwelt upon his return—that return which was to bring with it the long-wished-for close of his hazardous employment, and make him wholly, constantly her own—and she had so frequently replied with pleasure to the fond enquiries of her little offspring, often repeated, of “When will father come back?” that it now made her heart bleed to hear their artless tongues yet venture to express a hope that he would soon arrive—soon return to love and caress them. When, however, they were each clad in their mourning dress, and saw their dear mother—who had ever since been bathed in tears—put on the sable garment, and seclude herself from the world, all their fond hopes forsook them, and they mingled their tears with hers.

In a week or two, also, every article which had belonged to him was brought from on shipboard.

Their reception of course occasioned various feelings, in which the painful greatly predominated. The bearer of these was a long-trying and faithful friend, Joe Corbyn—an old sailor who had served under my friend when holding a commission in his Majesty's Service. When first Captain Harrington entered as a little Mid, this man was observed to evince a strong partiality for him, availing himself of every opportunity that his station offered, of rendering him assistance; and as a kind action was never lost upon the heart of my worthy friend, so, at the end of the war, when the ship was paid off, and Harrington had obtained his new command, he appointed honest Joe to the station of purser. So great was their regard and respect for each other, that Corbyn had always hitherto found a home at the Captain's when ashore. But his affectionate heart would not admit of his again taking up his abode there: nor would he again sail in the same vessel; and his visit on the occasion to which I allude, was one of great trial to him. "To see all his little cherubs," as he afterwards observed "left to mourn the loss of him, who a few moments before he was washed away had said to

me:—"Joe, last night in my dreams, I saw my wife—yes, my wife, and all my little ones clinging around my knees:—pray God that we ride out this storm in safety!" It cut me to the heart," he said, "to see those little ones, and that wife, all rigged in weeds of woe, and left to lament the man whom of all men I loved the best." His meeting, indeed, with the widow, was an affecting scene; and, as may be supposed, many questions were put by her as to show how the dreadful accident occurred; but although she was minutely particular in her enquiries, she gleaned not so much from Corbyn as from the other officers and the remaining part of the crew, who all thought it their duty to pay their respects to her. And from them she learned, that it was with much difficulty they could prevent Corbyn plunging overboard, in the wild expectation of his being able to save his master, in a sea running mountains high, and the vessel riding before the whirlwind. Every thing was done, however, that could be done in such a case; and after Corbyn had sent over casks, ropes, and various floating timbers, nothing could satisfy him but, that the ship's boat should be cut away, in the vain hope

that it would live in such a sea, and aid in saving his unfortunate friend. His only regret was that they would not allow him to enter it. We sometimes see him when he returns from a voyage—but he is quite an altered fellow. It appeared from all that could be gained from the crew, that the Captain, anxious for the safety of the ship, the passengers, and his men, was industriously aiding in the duties on deck, when neglecting to lash himself with the rest, a tremendous sea swept him to his grave in an instant.

Thus, sir, (continued my venerable narrator,) was my amiable friend visited by the first serious affliction of her life. She looked around her home, and it seemed desolate—she looked to her babes, they were unprovided for. Long secluded, in a measure, from the bustle of the world, and resting implicitly on him who was now no more for her support, she was but ill adapted to encounter the frowns of fortune, and for some considerable time it was doubtful if she would ever surmount the shock her affections had received. At length, however, to the joy of all who knew her, she was observed to rally, and her health to improve. In the midst of her sorrow, she had

cried aloud to Him who provideth for the widow and the fatherless, and her prayers were answered: and in the fervent hope of being hereafter indissolubly joined to her departed husband, she exerted herself to train up her children in the "way they should go," that they also might become inheritors of the same blessed abode, and meet again as one family, never to be dismembered.

Under the influence of these impressions she was enabled to direct her attention to the necessary duties of life, and, by the direction of a friend, invested her little property (the earnings of her husband) in a way deemed both secure and profitable; but as the interest was by no means adequate to her support, she suggested the commencement of a preparatory school: a task for which she esteemed herself competent, from the practice she had already had in the sole education of her own family. The time, also, was fast approaching when her boys would need an abler instructor—a stronger arm, and more practised head. When deprived, therefore, of their society, and in some measure relieved from the care attendant upon their particular education, a vacuum would be created, which would need to

be filled up by other duties: the school, therefore, was established, and as was expected, from the capacity and amiability of its director, succeeded.

Time now proceeded pleasantly; her avocations being of a nature so to occupy her mind, as to afford little space for indulging in retrospective thoughts. When she did, however, recur to the past, whatever of pain was excited by the recollection of the unhappy occurrence that had separated two hearts entwined in one, she never failed to elicit good out of evil, and would return to the consideration of her present pursuits, as one whose mind was soothed, and whose heart was strengthened, by having visited the object of their hopes and affections.

She had now been a widow five years, and, as might be expected, was not without her admirers—nay, not without overtures to settle again in life; but to these she had invariably given a decided negative, stating, that although her husband was lost to her society, he was still, and ever would be, fresh in her memory; and that while she sometimes listened, as common courtesy compelled her to do, to solicitations for more than

a friendly feeling towards her suitors, she would say that the mental presence of her husband still delighted her imagination, and that she kept her

“—————fond affection warm,
By living solely for the hallow'd dead.”

This determination her friends (myself among the number) heard with regret ; for independently of the assistance required in the support and education of her offspring, few women were so gifted, by natural and acquired attainments, to throw a charm around the delights of home, and grace the establishment of an intelligent man. But her heart and soul had been wedded to one object, and still remained bound in the closest union ; and although it was a source of regret to friends, to observe her who had once been the charm of society, at times sit abstracted and pensive, communing with her own thoughts, few ever presumed to destroy the pleasing delusion ; nor did she ever again enter into the bonds of matrimony.

“ Years had now rolled onward, and although her children had none of them attained their maturity, they had all arrived at that age when not

only their bodily, but their mental features began to develope themselves; and while she gazed with a mother's delight on the beauteous perfection of the first, she dwelt with parental anxiety and rigid watchfulness over the latter. Hers was now the delicate and difficult task of selecting the path in which she should place them, whereby they might move onward with satisfaction to themselves, and do honor to their name. In Alfred, her first-born, she observed the exact counterpart of his father:—generous, free, bold, and enterprising, yet impatient of control, she would have found her task of education difficult indeed, had not his love for herself overbalanced every other feeling. Possessed of a vivacious disposition, and rather hasty temper, his lively and fertile fancy would at times run riot at the expense of his better reason, but always bear the check of his mother's direction: a look from her would allay the most turbulent bursts of anger, soothe his agitated bosom, and melt him into compliance. He was indeed the delight of his home: his exuberant gaiety dispelling all gloomy forebodings from his mother's dwelling, and his return from his daily avocation (that of a clerk to an eminent

merchant) being the sure harbinger of smiles and delight for the rest of the day. It was such a disposition that had won his mother's heart; it was not, therefore, to be wondered at that she should cherish it in her son, or that that son should share largely of her affections. Alfred was her stay in times of trouble and her participator in joy.

Charles, her second child, was the complete opposite of his brother. Mild, delicate and unassuming, with a taste for elegant pursuits, and a fondness for studious retirement, he partook largely of his mother's disposition, and therefore formed a suitable companion for his twin sister, Louisa, who was every inch her parent. In addition to the usual acquirements of an ordinary education, they each possessed, in an eminent degree, a cultivated taste for drawing and painting. Charles, indeed, so far attracted attention by the productions of his pencil, as to induce a gentleman of celebrity in the art to prevail on his mother to consign him to his care. She did so: and was pleased to observe, in his eighteenth year, the productions of his mind gracing the walls of a public exhibition. Louisa, in like manner, be-

came an able assistant to her mother, and profitably discharged the duties of her seminary. Beloved by all her pupils, and highly respected by their parents, she could, very early in life, claim an extensive circle of friends, to whom her amiable disposition, mild and endearing manners, and personal attractions were particularly pleasing.

Such was the state of my friend's family at this period—and truly might it be called the Happy Family. Two sons rising into manhood, each giving assurance of honorable success in the different spheres in which they moved; a daughter, the pride and delight of those brothers; and a parent who, having anxiously watched over their infancy, was now reaping the rich harvest of her care, in observing the healthy growth of the seed she had sown—the developement of the principles she had implanted. It was that sweet union of heart and mind, that delightful bond of brotherhood, which can only arise from a careful watchfulness over the incipient inclinations, and wisely training them around one common centre, and that centre—love. Never did the actions of

children afford a stronger evidence of the wisdom of that counsel which says:—"Forsake not the law of thy mother: bind it continually upon thy heart, and tie it about thy neck. When thou goest it shall lead thee; when thou sleepest it shall keep thee; and when thou awakest it shall talk with thee." Truly may I say it was the delight of my age; and often have I detected the silent tear—the tear of joy—moistening the eye of my dear departed friend, as she sate the happy witness of their affectionate endearment. Alas! that any circumstance should have interposed to destroy this pleasing reality; but

"There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end."

And such has it proved with my friends. But I will not anticipate—the tale is soon told.

At the age of twenty, Alfred, the high-minded and warm-hearted Alfred, begged permission of his mother to allow him to seek his fortune in a distant land. India, the country to which his father used to sail, held forth a prospect irresistible to his enterprising spirit. A Bengal merchant, in correspondence with the house in which he was engaged, applied to the principals to send

him out a young man of parts and integrity, who would be found competent to take the chief portion of the business off his hands; when his exertions would, perhaps, speedily be rewarded by a part, and eventually by the whole of his immense interests. Immediately on the receipt of this letter, the parties to whom it was addressed enquired of Alfred his inclination for an East India trip. On the moment of its announcement, he, in the warmth and ardor natural to him, declared that nothing would be so gratifying to his ambition: but, in the next, his desire was checked in reflecting on the state of his home. Still, he considered, his mother had never let her fondness for him stand in the way of his interests; and therefore acknowledged to his employers, that a regard for his friends presented something like an obstacle, yet he would consult those most interested upon the subject, and return an early answer.

He did so; and I well remember the evening and the occasion on which it was done. He had as usual, returned home, to dinner; (on which day I was one of their family party; during the course of the meal he was observed to be unusu-

ally thoughtful, and although rallied by his sister and brother, they elicited nothing from him but a forced smile which suddenly relapsed into a look of thoughtful concern. At length, on the removal of the cloth his mother requested to know the cause of his abstraction; when, as she never made a request to him in vain, he immediately began to disclose, though in a faltering voice, the important proposal. A dead silence seemed to prevail during his statement—and when finished, his only reply was a tear. The mention of India had caused a thousand thoughts to rush upon his mother's mind; and, for a moment, had deprived her of her usual self-possession. At last, however, she gave utterance to her wishes; and as might be expected from such a mother, possessing such a son, the tenor of her words was against its acceptance. Still she could not but acknowledge the advantages of the prospect, and appeared to be secretly gratified at the distinguished mark of respect paid to so young a man by his employers. In short, sir, you no doubt can imagine, better than I can describe, the struggle of a mother's heart on such an occasion; suffice it to say, therefore, it required the persuasive interference

of friends, together with the urgent request of the parties who had first made the application, ere she could be induced to give her consent—a consent which, she acknowledged, it seemed like selfishness to withhold, yet it was the selfishness of affection. At length the request was granted: and now, having overcome the first impulse of tenderness, the whole energy of her mind was directed to his comfortable outfitting. In a few weeks a ship was to sail: no time, therefore, was to be lost:—in a few weeks every thing was ready. The day of departure arrived; and never did youthful aspirant for the smiles of fortune, take his leave of all he held dear, with more heartfelt breathings for his welfare, than did Alfred Harrington, on bidding farewell to home. The winds that wafted him from the shore, bore with them the sighs of mother, sister, and brother, and the unaffected gratulations of all to whom he was known.

Again, sir, my friend's home seemed deserted—and it required some weeks to reconcile them to the change. The loss of such a companion, whose vivacity was their delight was naturally severe;—but as, in this life, there is no

sweet without its attendant alloy; so on the other hand, there are few circumstances which occur of a distressing nature, that will not afford some alleviating offset. Thus his family dwelt on the bright prospects before him, rather than upon those he had left; upon an assurance of his safe arrival, rather than on the dangers which surrounded him; (this, however, on the part of his mother, was not without a strong effort;) on the hope, in a few years, of again seeing him, improved in purse and person, rather than upon being separated for ever. Hope, in fact, cheered them by her fascinating though often delusive smiles, and upheld their spirits in the prospect of brighter and happier days. The ordinary, everyday duties of life, also assisted to draw off their attention from the departed object of their care: for although circumstances may make one in a family the centre of particular solicitude, it is but in few instances that a mother's regard is not equally dispensed to the whole of her offspring. And this was the case with my dear friend. Had she been asked with whom, of all her family, she could best bear the trial of separation, she would have been unable to answer; but, in the present

instance, she *thought* that no trial could be so severe as the one to which she had just been subjected.

Scarcely, however, had she recovered her usual spirits and ordinary composure of mind, ere the equality of her affection was destined to be put to the test. Charles, her second son, had for some time past been observed to droop in health, and soon after he had lost the enlivening society of his brother, a more sensible evidence of disease became apparent. With much concern Mrs. Harrington watched his increasing indisposition, and at length became so seriously alarmed as to seek advice. A change of air was immediately recommended; she therefore accompanied him to the place advised, and was pleased to think she saw some improvement. On their return to town, however, (it being the close of autumn,) he was soon observed to relapse, and ere the winter had passed, it appeared too evident that consumption, with all its delusive appearances, had taken possession of his frame.

Now it was that my dear friend's heart was tried: with one son still upon the seas, each day increasing the distance that separated them, the

other pacing about the house, the shadow of what he was, giving evidence too plain to be misunderstood, that a short time and he also would be far removed from her presence. Her daughter, too, merely from sympathy, as it seemed, was evidently drooping in spirits and in health. Her favorite brother (for such Charles had ever been, from similarity of pursuits and inclinations) appeared to be flitting from her embrace; and though, at times, she almost flattered herself into a conviction that he would recover, a few days generally served to convince her that her hopes would prove fallacious, and render her as one desolate and forsaken. And thus it proved: the elegant mind and sensitive heart of her brother became, in the spring of the year, the prey of a disease that had perhaps been working its insidious course from infancy. Charles was consigned to the tomb ere he could hear of Alfred's safe arrival—leaving his mother and sister in an agony of grief, without a protector, saving Him who is indeed able and willing to stretch forth his arm and uphold the drooping suppliant.

Charles, although but a youth, had left several works of art behind him; which, as you may

suppose, were preserved with a religious care, particularly miniatures of himself and sister; as also the small painting you see there—(directing my attention to a well-executed portrait of a weather-beaten sailor)—an almost speaking likeness of the worthy fellow I told you of, Joe Corbyn, who favoured me by sitting to Charles a few months ere he died; and in which portrait I at once possess three things I prize—a recollection of my dear Harrington; the likeness of his honest-hearted Corbyn; and an evidence of the rising talent of my youthful and lamented friend.

It would here give me pleasure to dwell on the character and acquirements of young Harrington; but I refrain from doing so, lest you should suspect me of too partially viewing all that bore the name. His, however, was a light which, although it seldom emitted a meteor fire, was ever seen mildly beaming, shedding around his small circle a steady and pleasing effulgence.

But to proceed. As in the instance of Alfred's departure, when much distress of mind was experienced, a relief was found in the attentions required towards his brother, so, in the present case, the receipt of a very affectionate letter from

India, a short time after the demise of her youngest son, acted as a foil to my friend's late troubles. It gave assurance of his (Alfred's) safe arrival, and moreover, that he had found a father in the gentleman to whom he was consigned. His joy (Alfred assured his mother) when he learnt that he was the son of Captain Harrington was unbounded. "Your father," said he, "was my friend—my bosom friend; and if I find you to be your father's boy, why I'll be a friend to you." Moreover, that he had, from the moment of his arrival to the moment of his writing, shown him the most marked attention. It concluded, of course, with expressions of the tenderest regard, begging his mother to keep up her spirits, and to look forward to the happiest results from his departure from home.

Upon the receipt of this, Mrs. Harrington observed to me with a sigh: "How happy should I have been, had his brother been living to share it with me, and his sister in possession of the health and spirits she once enjoyed! But, alas! my heart is pressed down by grief. She, whom I have doted upon, seems to be pining away in

sorrow: The loss of friend and brother is more than her mind can bear."

This allusion to the loss of a friend, I must inform you, was an unhappy attachment that had taken place, since the absence of her brother Alfred, with a young gentleman of the name of Lennox; which, combined with the affliction occasioned by the death of Charles, pressed heavily upon the tender frame of poor Louisa. This Frederick Lennox was a young man of very superior attainments, the eldest son of a respectable, and once opulent family, and to whom his mother fondly looked up as the restorer of their wealth and consequence. His youngest sister, Amelia Lennox, was one of Mrs. Harrington's pupils—and from her it was that Frederick first obtained a knowledge of Louisa. It appears that Miss Lennox, in common with every pupil, had a high opinion of their intelligent and amiable governess, and was ever eloquent in her praise to her own family:—how kind, how beautiful, how lively, how good-tempered she was—and a thousand other artless expressions of approval: all of which, I believe, she justly merited. These often-repeated testimonials of loveliness, did not

pass unheeded upon her brother Frederick, but excited in him a curiosity to see the object of such high encomium. He therefore availed himself of his sister's connexion with Mrs. Harrington's seminary, to obtain an interview; and it appeared, from his subsequent conduct, that the impression made upon his mind by his sister's unaffected praises became strengthened and confirmed. He sought her company by every means—and at length disclosed his passion, declaring himself a suitor for her affection; begging permission to ask her mother's approval of their intimacy, and soliciting the pleasure of visiting her as often as circumstances would permit. On applying to Mrs. Harrington, she gave his request that consideration which it demanded from a mother who fondly loved her daughter, and seeing no objection, made both happy by her consent.

A different view of the matter, however, was taken by the young gentleman's relatives. His mother, a shrewd, calculating woman, well practised in the ways of the world, and who had, during her son's minority, been subjected to many expedients to uphold the outward forms of res-

pectability, looked upon Frederick's connexion with Miss Harrington—a portionless girl—as the blighting of all her fondest hopes, the deranging of her most subtle calculations. Seldom influenced in her actions by the soft impulse of the heart, she sought to deaden, if not entirely to eradicate, all feeling of disinterested love in the hearts of her children. Unable to object to her son's intimacy with Louisa on the score of mental endowments, polite education, amiability of manners, or beauty of person, (in all of which she was his equal, if not his superior,) she endeavored to instil into his mind the pride of birth, and to sap the foundation of all honorable feeling in his connexion with females beneath her own grade; forgetting, or affecting to forget, that the same cause—the fickleness and instability of all human affairs—had alike operated on both families, and occasioned their downfall in the world's estimation. Foolishly fond of her children, and flattered beyond all reasonable endurance by their universally acknowledged personal attractions, she thought the time would never come when they must mingle with an envious multitude, and thereby cease to be the objects of the

world's adulation. Many things in their education, therefore, were neglected; and they grew up under the false impression, that any defect of the heart or the head, would be amply compensated for in their attractive persons. Thus, pride and selfishness were the prominent and besetting sins of their character. Long used to hearing themselves extolled in unmeasured phrases, years added strength to their early notions, that they were a superior order of beings, and that all who could not bear the scrutiny of their test in the form or regularity of their features, were a grade beneath them in personal worth.

With such an education, it is not surprising that the young man should entertain some elevated notions of himself; still, such is the influence of beauty, when added to amiability of heart and endearing manners in the other sex, that the proudest and most sordid are not altogether insensible to their attractions. So far, indeed, as it was possible to judge from his behavior, Louisa's worth had completely conquered his mother's cold theory, and triumphed over every selfish principle. But appearances and protestations are not always to be relied upon—even in affairs of

love: and of this my dear friend was too soon made sensible. Well would it have been for her had she allowed herself to dwell upon the possibility of falsehood and want of faith in another, and thereby prepared her heart for the shock it was destined to sustain. But she kindly judged of others by herself: she knew, she felt that she was sincere, and never suspected the sincerity of her friend. Yet, to say that she was altogether ignorant of Mrs. Lennox's objections would be false: for although she had been formally introduced, and was sincerely beloved by the junior branches of the family, she saw that the intercourse of their parents had never ripened into the warmth of sincere friendship. The cause she was never curious enough to enquire: sufficient for her that her own intentions were pure and disinterested. But even had she sought and discovered the reason of those objections, and upheld, as she would have done, the sentiment, that wealth ought to hold the last, and not the first place in the minds of those who seek to cement their happiness by a matrimonial union; she would have found that family pride (to which she was herself a perfect stranger) was too deeply

rooted to admit of such common-place notions holding more than a momentary sway. The enemy, indeed, was secretly at work—Mrs. Lennox having (by a seemingly fortunate coincidence) procured for her son an appointment in the civil service of the East India Company, thought it proper (as I have reason to believe) to urge the necessity of his immediately breaking off an intimacy that could yield *nothing more* than domestic happiness. To some such influence must be ascribed his after conduct; for certainly his general bearing towards Louisa would not have warranted any one in supposing him capable of such heartless indifference to her feelings. But what was the fact? Why, that he was absolutely on ship-board and just on the eve of sailing, ere he apprized her of his destination; and even then, in such a manner as grievously to convince her, that he also was too deeply imbued with the love of wealth and distinction, to leave room for the more refined sentiments of honor, and sympathy for another's woes. Her first intimation of his intentions came from Mrs. Lennox, who, on Louisa's enquiring into the cause of Frederick's absence, informed her, in a

note, with little of circumlocution, that she had been so fortunate as to obtain a situation presenting the brightest prospects for her son; and that as many years must necessarily elapse ere he could see England again, hoped that her good sense and cultivated understanding would teach her the propriety of forgetting their early intimacy, which had, by him, been cherished when in ignorance of more important considerations. The same epistle also enclosed one from Frederick, expressing his regret that fate seemed to frown upon their loves, and therefore hoped she would endeavor to forget him, with much more of the like. Nor did he condescend again to address a line to her, further than to assure her that his mind was so engrossed by preparations for his new pursuit, as to compel him now to act upon advice she had herself frequently given, namely, not to allow the understanding to be occupied with more than one important consideration at a time, and therefore bade farewell to all past recollections. The ship sailed, the friends parted, and—must I add it?—Louisa's reason soon after became impaired. The violence of her grief settled, in a few weeks, into an alarm-

ing melancholy, which baffled the fond attentions of her beloved parent to remove, and which ultimately sunk into a confirmed mania. Yes, sir, that chaste and elegant understanding, proved too weak for the powerful influence of her affections;—she who was our pride became a sad spectacle of imbecility—an idiotic laugh took place of the silent tear—a sullen indifference marked the depth of her woe.

And now, sir, perhaps you are better able to imagine, than I am to describe, the sufferings of the widow and bereaved parent. She felt, as she at the time told me, as one living without hope in the world. The stay and prop of her house had fallen with her husband—the branches seemed scattered to the wind—and the tender flower that had been fondly reared beneath the sunshine of her smiles, was blighted in the morning of its day, and only remained to her a withered emblem of mortality.

[Here my venerable friend was so much affected as to be unable to proceed. After a pause, however, he resumed.]

Still, sir, she did not sink under this accumulation of worldly suffering:—she received that aid

which maketh strong in the hour of need, and nerveth the arm against the ills of life. Resigned to the will of Heaven, she presumed not to question its decrees, but bowing with submissive heart to its mandates, struggled to rally her impaired health, and attend to those duties of which she was now the isolated director. In these things she succeeded : but yet, at times, she found herself in so lonely a condition, that loath as she had ever been to entertain a thought contrary to the happiness and welfare of her offspring, she not unfrequently detected her inclinations leaning towards her surviving son, and secretly wishing that the circumstantial account she had forwarded to him, would induce him to throw up his present appointment, together with all its prospects, however bright, and return to her bosom and his home. And then, again, she would question the propriety of such a desire, and ask herself why it was she could not yield to despair, and leave this world of woe, without a selfish wish?—when, her eye turning upon her helpless daughter—a second time a child—she there received her answer, and felt herself nerved to further exertion. Thus fluctuating in her hopes and inclinations,

she continued, with all the strength of mind and of body she could bring to the task to perform the sad, the melancholy duty of tending on Louisa. Perfectly harmless, and as perfectly helpless, this once delightful girl would glide about the house in mute despair, apparently as unconscious of all that was passing around her, as though each organ of sense had been destroyed. She listened not, she saw not—or if she saw, noticed not—nor did she answer, save with a sigh the many endearing questions put to her by her mother. Her reason seemed pent up within the small cavities of the brain, resisting all endeavors to seduce it forth, and refusing to influence the most trifling of her actions. Her smile, that sweet smile which I had watched from infancy, had changed to a vacant, unmeaning distortion; her eye, that eloquent index to the mind, and which in her was beautifully expressive of all that was passing within, had become a total blank, or expressive of nothing but idiotcy or confirmed melancholy. Sad and severe then were the duties of her beloved parent; and anxiously did she wait for the time when that treasure of intelligence should be relieved from its unhealthy pressure, and enliven

by its active exercise, the once happy home of her heart. But, alas! she waited in vain. A year passed away, and no "change came o'er the spirit of her dream," when a fresh communication from India directed her mother's thoughts to another scene.

It is possible, sir, for the mind to be in such a state of unhealthy inertness—so pressed down by suffering long continued and unchangeable—as merely to require the stimulant of novelty to restore it to its pristine vigor, heedless whether the incidents be of a cheering or a gloomy complexion. Such I considered to be the state of my friend's feelings on the receipt of intelligence from her son, through the firm who had first interested themselves in his departure; and therefore was far less anxious than heretofore of the exact nature of the communication—content, inasmuch as it *was* a communication, and that *any* news, under existing circumstances, was better than *none*. But who could have conceived, who would have anticipated, that a calamity so distressing, an action so unlooked for, should have occurred! As though my poor friend's cup of bitterness had

not been sufficiently full, or that she had not yet drained it to the very dregs !

I think I told you that Frederick Lennox was destined for India : I should have added, that Bengal, the residence also of young Harrington, was to be the theatre of his future exertions. Owing to some unforeseen delay in sailing, together with an extraordinary slow passage, a letter written by Mrs. Harrington two months afterwards, (a letter to which I have before alluded,) arrived precisely at the time of Frederick's disembarking. While, therefore, he carried with him his own credentials—letters of introduction to friends—expressive, no doubt, as such epistles usually are, of every thing that is praiseworthy and honorable, he was accompanied also by an unexpected testimonial, ushering him into his new world, to one person at least, in the character of a cold-hearted aspirant for an adored sister's affections, which after having obtained, he had wantonly thrown away. That such a callous indifference to another's feelings, and that other a sister for whom, at any time, he would have forfeited his life, should have aroused every spark of indignation in Alfred's manly and honorable breast, is not

more surprising than that his mother should have dwelt, with painful minuteness, on every circumstance of her troubles, when addressing the only remaining stay of her house. Little, alas! did she contemplate the heart-rending consequences; or think, in the unsuspecting nature of her disposition, that she was subjecting a youthful adventurer to a rage as ungovernable as the whirlwind—to a fury allied to that disease under which her daughter was suffering. But such, sir, was the fact; the distressing relation of which formed the subject of the letters now received; and which were kindly directed to Alfred's former friends, with the expressed wish that they would convey the sad intelligence to his already agonized parent. Immediately on their receipt, I was summoned into the city, where the painful news was first communicated to myself. The letter commenced by stating——[“Indeed,” said my venerable narrator, “I might as well read it to you. I have it in my possession: it being consigned to my care at my particular request.” Here he arose from his seat, and took from a tin case, pretty well filled with documents, a small packet, which with considerable emotion, he proceeded to read.]

“Bengal,——

“MY DEAR SIRs,

“The course of events, which it is impossible for human foresight always to avert, has brought about a calamity the most distressing; and it becomes my painful duty immediately to make you acquainted with its extent, in the hope that you will be able to break it to her, who is certainly most interested—I mean Mrs. Harrington, the widow of my late esteemed friend, and mother to one whom I had hoped to have long called by that endearing name. To prevent the unpleasant suspense of a lengthened detail, I hasten to inform you that Alfred is at present confined to his couch from the effects of a severe, and I fear mortal wound, he received in a duel, into which he was so rash as to engage, three days since, with a young gentleman of the name of Lennox, just arrived from England. Various reports are abroad as to the cause of the rencontre, but the *facts*, as far as I can inform you, may be gathered from what follows. On the day previous to the fatal meeting, Alfred had received a communication from home, the joyful receipt of which was soon rendered distressing, by the pain

ful nature of its contents. I happened to be in the room when, with a beating heart, he broke the seal, and eagerly perused the epistle. Presently a deep sigh came upon my ear, which induced me to look up, and I observed him to be seriously agitated by what he read. 'No bad news, Alfred, I hope,' said I. 'My brother, poor Charles, is dead!' he replied; when, proceeding with his information, he exclaimed, in the most agonizing tone—'and my sister has lost her reason!' Then, hiding his face in his hands he gave way to the most poignant and bitter grief. In a short time his mind becoming a little composed, he essayed to finish the letter; when his sorrow became smothered in his rage; and from what I could glean from his broken sentences and half-uttered words, revenge was his theme.

"At length he retired to his apartment, but finding his distress increase, I persuaded him to take the evening air. He did so; and in a couple of hours returned, apparently more at ease. He soon after left me for the night—nor did I again see him, until, alas! he was next morning brought home in an almost lifeless state.

"What further I have to communicate I was

not an eye-witness to ; but it appears, from all that can be gleaned on the unhappy subject, that Alfred, on his leaving me on the previous evening, had unfortunately met with (as I understand) the betrayer of his sister, when, some high words passing in a public room, a meeting next morning was arranged. Unhappily, both shots took effect; and both gentlemen are now lying in a dangerous state. Alfred's wound is declared mortal.

“ Thus, sirs, have I endeavored to discharge this distressing duty—a duty rendered the more painful, from having, in common with all who have enjoyed the acquaintance of our young friend, entertained the greatest affection for him. To you I consign the still more difficult task of breaking it to his bereaved parent, with whom all here most deeply sympathize. And please to add, in conveying my respects to her, (with the enclosed letter of condolence,) that there is but one feeling of regret for the untoward affair; and that if it should be the will of heaven to remove her son from this earthly scene, he will die with a name unsullied, an honor unimpeached.

“ From the fact of his still being alive, you will doubtless all indulge a hope that he may

recover, and thereby render this intelligence premature. Would to Heaven, it might be so!—but the best surgical aid I have been able to procure assures me of the sad reverse; and I have therefore resolved on preparing your minds for the fatal news—as also to remove the chance of the cruel anxiety which a perusal of the hasty accounts given in the public prints would occasion, and which accounts, will, I know, be forwarded by this, the first conveyance to England.

“With heartfelt regret for our loss, and with sincere prayers for the support of his bereaved parent.

I remain, gentlemen,
In great distress of mind,
Very truly yours,

”

This sorrowful intelligence, (continued Mr. Darnley, at the same time returning the letter to its place,) this sorrowful intelligence was more than I could bear; and although summoned into the city by Alfred's friends, for the purpose of being made the medium of communication be-

tween them and Mrs. Harrington, I found myself unequal to the task, and failed, on my return, in doing more than, by my distressed looks, apprizing her that "clouds still lowered upon her house." She then, with a firmness of purpose far beyond what I had esteemed her capable, ordered a coach, and proceeded thither herself. Little more need be added.—She returned by the same conveyance—took to her bed—and in three days was a corpse!

This affliction, sir, so recent and so severe, incapacitates me from dwelling on her character. That she was an affectionate wife and an amiable woman, the short detail I have entered into of her life and actions, will sufficiently testify: that she was a fond and anxious—an over-anxious parent—is evinced in the calamity which has occasioned this day's meeting. Sympathy, indeed, was a remarkable trait in her character. Her heart was one deep well of affection—one inexhaustible source of kindness. She was all that man delights to meet with in woman—all that was ennobling to human nature. Long will she be remembered—long will her name be treasured in the recollection of her friends!

Here Mr. Darnley concluded:—and we each sat for some minutes, pensively musing upon the vanity of human life, and the little dependence that can be placed upon its brightest visions. At length I broke silence.

“And this sale,” I said, “is the last scene of the domestic tragedy.”

“It is,” he replied: “and has been submitted to for the purpose of raising the necessary funds for the support of my dear Louisa in the house to which I have been compelled, though with an aching heart, to consign her.”

At the mention of this circumstance, I thought I observed my friend's emotion seriously to increase, and considered it best to endeavor to divert his mind to other topics. After a few consolatory reflections, therefore, I gradually seduced him into subjects of a general and public nature. I was thus successful in my endeavor to relieve his mind; and in half an hour had at once beguiled him of his sorrows, and satisfied myself that chance had thrown me into the company of a man whose society it would be an advantage to cultivate. On taking my leave, therefore, I respectfully solicited the honor of his

future acquaintance; and was much pleased to find that the desire was mutual. "At my time of life, sir," he said, as he heartily pressed my hand, "few new associates are made; and with the hapless downfall of my friend's house, all social connexion with the world seems severed: you therefore gratify me more than you are possibly aware of, by soliciting the continuance of an acquaintance so accidentally commenced.—I shall be proud of your friendship."

And thus closed the adventure of the day.

CHAPTER III.

I HAVE always delighted in the society of persons older than myself—particularly of the aged of my own sex, if in the full possession of their faculties, together with that cheerfulness of mind which not unfrequently accompanies the decline of a long and well-spent life. Such being the case with Mr. Darnley, we soon became sincere friends. In me he found a patient listener to many a long and interesting narrative, with which length of years and active intimacy with the world had made him acquainted. He was a living chronicler of by-gone days—an intelligent medium between the past and the present; and he became to me, as I found, on my further acquaintance with him, he had often been to others—a guide, a guardian, and a valuable instructor. In return for these benefits, and for many a kindness received from his hands, I took great pleasure in assisting him in the numerous

charitable duties in which he delighted to engage; and in none more than in a watchfulness over the comforts and health of the only remaining portion of the family of his departed friends—the lost, afflicted, yet still lovely and interesting Louisa.

I believe I have before informed the reader, that the produce of the sale which I had so casually attended, was to be appropriated to the support of his young and suffering friend. It being found however insufficient, when invested, to yield the required sum, my worthy friend added what was needed, and did me the honor to request that, (being himself, as he observed, fast sinking into that grave which had deprived Louisa of her natural protectors, and therefore unlikely, in all human probability to see the end of a malady which was supposed to be incurable,) that I would become, jointly with another gentleman, an intimate friend of the afflicted lady, a trustee for the faithful performance of his wishes. This office I readily accepted, the duties of which brought me into frequent contact with the fair sufferer.

The first visit to a house appropriated to the reception of persons laboring under the most

dreadful, yet often most interesting, though, to human pride, the most humiliating of maladies with which poor human nature can be afflicted, not unfrequently forms an era or circumstance in a person's life, which length of years is unable to efface. The different forms of the disease—the different ages of the parties afflicted—the inquisitive and almost instinctive desire to be instantly made acquainted with the causes which first rendered them the inmates of such a dwelling, all conspire to make your first visit to a lunatic asylum a matter of moment, and one to which lengthened memory recurs with all the freshness of a yesterday's recollection.

Such was my visit to — House, where the inmates were all females, and the number limited. To Mr. Darnley, whose affectionate heart often prompted him to seek the abode of wretchedness, in the pious hope of alleviating the suffering inhabitant, such a scene had become familiar; not so familiar, however, as to render him insensible to their sorrows, nor unmindful of the courtesy due to their feelings. He therefore proved a suitable companion on the present occasion. On our introduction to the matron, he enquired if her

invalids were in a fit state to be seen ; and on receiving for answer that, with one or two exceptions, they were, we silently followed our guide into what she called the public, or sitting-room, where, when in a harmless and fit state of mind, the poor afflicted beings are allowed to congregate. It was of course destitute of every kind of furniture, excepting a few seats and firmly fixed benches. A large grating surrounded the fireplace ; and in one corner I observed a seat, with straps, &c. to confine a refractory patient. About a dozen were here assembled. Immediately on our entrance, a female who was seated near the fire accosted us by a rather formal, though by no means inelegant salutation, seeming to welcome us into—what I afterwards understood she considered to be—her audience-chamber :—the poor creature being, in imagination, “every inch a queen.” The salute was so unexpected, yet to me so marked, that I involuntarily uncovered my head, and returned it in a manner, I was told, as formal as though she had been the mighty thing she thought herself. I could see, however, that my politeness had the effect of pleasing her disordered fancy, for *her majesty*, as she again seat-

ed herself, bestowed upon me a most gracious smile. Glancing my eyes round the room, they presently rested on another poor object, who, with a sort of satirical grin, seemed disposed to return gaze for gaze. Fixing her dark and penetrating eyes upon me, she muttered something in an under-tone, which induced the matron to direct my attention to another object—a case of second childhood—a woman of seventy amusing herself with a baby-house! having all the paraphernalia of tea-cups and saucers, dolls, &c. and herself going through the duties of receiving company, scolding her servants, whipping the doll, and handing about her imaginary tea. Alas! but this was humiliating; and I felt myself fast sinking into a dejected reverie, when my ears were saluted by a lengthened and dreadful imprecation, coming from one poor creature, whom the matron informed us she had been compelled to lock up that morning. Again her horrid cries resounded through the solitary building, and died away only to be succeeded by others. To free ourselves from the distressing noise, we hastened into the adjoining garden, a place appropriated for the

inmates' exercise. Scarcely, however, had Mr. Darnley descended the flight of steps, ere a youthful-looking woman threw herself at his feet, apparently in the greatest distress of mind, and in the most agonized tones exclaimed—"Forgive! forgive me, father!" He mildly replied, "I do—I do, my dear." She then, with a smile, allowed him to assist her from the ground, and afterwards turned away with apparent content. It appeared from what I could glean from the hasty conversation of my venerable friend and the matron, that this poor woman was seldom or never disturbed in her ordinary course of melancholy abstraction, except when coming in contact with an aged man. By some misconduct she had broken her father's heart—hastened his passage to the grave—and left herself a suffering maniac. Mr. Darnley's aged appearance had touched the sensitive chord, and caused it most painfully to vibrate. Begging that hereafter he might be allowed to avoid her, we passed into the garden, where we saw about half-a-dozen strolling through its various walks. No two were seen together—no community of feeling, or interest seemed to attract them to each

other: single and alone they paced the dreary round, too busy with their own thoughts to be able to bestow more than a hasty glance in passing. I asked if they ever associated with each other in rational conversation. "Sometimes," was the reply; "but very seldom. Yonder, now is one (pointing to a healthy-looking and rather handsome woman,) who is at times so well as to be an agreeable, nay an intelligent companion; while at others she is the most violent and troublesome patient we have. She then called her by her name, and making some remark upon the weather elicited a ready and rational reply; and hastening round the path, with rather a jaunty air, she introduced herself to us with all the bounding vivacity of a young girl of eighteen, and the familiarity of old acquaintance. She then welcomed us into the garden, and expressed herself glad to find that Mrs. — was so kind as again to allow them to have company. Afterwards, addressing herself to me, she asked when I was last at St. James's. On enquiring if it was at court she meant, and receiving for answer that it was, I told her I had never had the honor of being there. "Indeed!" she replied with a look

of surprise, her sharp and restless eyes surveying me full in the face; "indeed! now, do you know, all my family visited there—I used to visit there until my husband put me in here—yes, *he* put me in here—he's a foreigner—are you a foreigner?—I think you are—you look like a foreigner. I don't like foreigners. Oh! you men are such cruel fellows. I have begged and prayed that he would let me out. I have nothing the matter with me—all that ever ails me is a nasty little cough, and a pain in the head, (pressing her hand to her forehead,) and all my family have the same. My mother caught a cold in a damp room at St. James's, and that was the cause of it. Thus she rattled on, and was only finally stopped short by our imperceptibly turning upon a rather secluded part of the garden; when a light, slender figure, neatly dressed, with a full blue eye, fair complexion, and fine flowing, golden hair, intercepted our path.—It was Louisa!—She stopped for a moment, and but a moment—gave one vacant look at us, and passed on. My eyes, however, still followed her attracted by her interesting deportment. It seemed to me too evident that a con-

firmed melancholy had settled upon that lovely face: the sad

“Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears,”

were as a canker-worm upon her heart. Scarcely had she advanced a dozen paces, when our vivacious friend, recovering, apparently from the transient impression of surprise which Louisa's presence had occasioned, exclaimed in a tone of affectionate sincerity, “Is she not a dear creature?” and then hastily following her, took her by one hand, and with the other around her waist, led her back to us. Poor Louisa quiescently returned, and calmly stood, apparently unconscious of the presence of strangers, and almost insensible to the caresses of her bewildered companion, who kept patting her cheek, occasionally kissing her, and delighting us by the fond endearment of her manner. “You are the sweetest friend I have!” she said, as she printed an impassioned kiss upon her lovely lips: “I only wish you would speak to me, and tell me why they sent you here.”

“Does she never speak to you?” I asked.

“Never! Let me say what I will to her, she only answers me with a sigh——there, like that,”

she added, observing Louisa's bosom heave, as with emotion; and then, as if herself affected by her friend's sadness, for a moment fixed her wild, yet merry eye upon her, then suddenly letting go her hold, began to laugh aloud, muttered a few sentences, and skipped off before us. Louisa, left to herself, silently and slowly glided through an embowered path:—my venerable friend shook his head, and softly whispered, "Still the same."

We now essayed to take our leave, but was once more intercepted by our garrulous companion, who warned us to keep our distance from a large and masculine-looking patient, who was ranging within the small space of a few yards, with arms folded and shoulders shrugged up, occasionally muttering, with all the malignity of a female Caliban, curses both loud and deep. "Say nothing to her!—let her pass! I never speak to her!—if I did, she'd tear me to pieces," were the exclamations of our bewildered friend. We took her advice: nor did I glance more than one look at her, seeing that our observation discomposed her.

We had now returned to the house, but the ravings of the poor inmate continuing, Mr. Darnley

stayed no longer than to introduce me to the matron as the person most likely, for the future, to pay a weekly visit to Louisa ;—then bidding farewell to our lively attendant, who still followed us as far as she was permitted, took our departure.

CHAPTER. IV.

"**TIME** at last sets all things even," says a late noble poet ; and well would it be for man could he always patiently wait the results of this great arbiter of his destinies, and so far rely upon his guidance, as to yield implicit faith to his direction ; permitting himself calmly to be borne down that stream, the tides of which are governed by his influence, in the full assurance, that however adverse the gale, or seemingly unpropitious the prospect, he would, in the end, be steered into some sheltered harbor, or landed in peace upon some happy isle. It is by endeavoring to stem the tide—striving to change the course of events that will bear no change—or by impatiently and morbidly anticipating present appearances, that much of man's misery is occasioned.

This fact will apply, in some degree, to the case of the amiable woman whose unhappy end was narrated in a previous chapter ; not but she had experienced enough of sorrow to make ship-

wreck of an ordinary faith, or that her troubles had not followed each other in such quick succession, as to induce a despondency of no common kind; still, had she but borne up against the disheartening intelligence a few months longer—could she have been prevailed upon still to have looked forward with hope, what joy would have been hers! Scarcely had a month elapsed from the receipt of the unhappy, and, as it proved, premature news from India, ere the object of the communication himself arrived, bearing in his own healthy appearance the triumphs of a good constitution over a dangerous and severe wound. Yes, Alfred Harrington, who had been announced as injured past recovery, was again in his native land, seeking that home of which he was once the delight—hastening to the support of that mother whom he loved beyond all the world beside!

This pleasing intelligence was announced to me by Mr. Darnley, who early one morning paid me an unexpected visit, holding in his hand a letter from Alfred which he had just received. He presented it to me for perusal. After hastily alluding to his unfortunate rencontre with Len-

nox, and mentioning the unexpected and favorable change which had taken place in the wound he had received, it concluded by a request that Mr. Darnley would prepare his mother's mind for an interview which might otherwise prove too much for, he feared, her shattered health and broken spirits.

"Alas!" said my venerable friend as he took back the letter, and perhaps read, in the thoughtful musings of my countenance, that there was a still more difficult task to perform towards Alfred himself, namely, to acquaint him of the death of her who had died of grief for him: "Alas!" said he, "how will he suffer, when he comes to learn, as learn he must, that she whom he so much revered and so fondly loved, is far removed from this world's joy or grief. "But come," he added, "I wish you to return with me. He will have arrived before we get back. You must this day do what I find my own strength quite unequal to—acquaint Alfred of the sad loss we have all sustained."

I immediately obeyed his summons: and as I conducted him back to his home, I could not but be sensible how much my venerable friend was

affected by this unexpected announcement. It seemed to add years to his age, and he tottered from intensity of feeling.

"I could have wished," he said, as we walked along, "to have been myself prepared for this—but, really, it has recalled so many things to my mind that were fast flitting from my feeble recollection, that I feel myself quite unable to meet him. I am happy in having obtained your assistance. You know all—you must tell him all.

We hastened homeward as fast as my friend's feebleness would allow, and found, on our arrival, that Mr. Harrington had preceded us some minutes. On learning this, Mr. Darnley desired that I should be shown into his presence, while he retired to his own room; but Alfred, hearing his voice, stepped into the hall, his fine manly countenance bearing marked evidence of internal suffering, and, embracing his aged friend, said: "I have heard all—Mrs. Wilmot has made me acquainted with the heart-rending news. My rashness has been the death of the best of mothers!—and Heaven, as if in punishment for my daring to send a fellow-being to his account, with all his sins upon his head, has added this fresh

pang to embitter my existence:—but, *Thy* will be done!" He then gave a loose to his feelings, and wept aloud. Tears brought the desired relief, and he soon calmly entered into conversation with us all; and after he had elicited from Mr. Darnley a minute and circumstantial account of what had transpired, and thanked him, with a heart overflowing with gratitude, for his friendly, nay, fatherly kindness, he, observing his benevolent friend's emotion, with considerate attention forced the conversation into another channel, and thereby relieved Mr. Darnley from thoughts and recollections which were evidently beyond his strength to bear.

The day altogether passed over better than could have been anticipated; but yet one subject remained untouched upon—his beloved sister—the innocent cause of all his present suffering. Where she was, and her state of health, he had previously gleaned from the source whence he had obtained the news of his brother Charles's demise; and it now only remained to know if she was still living—if still a sufferer—and if he could be allowed to see her.

"You may see her to-morrow, if you choose, Alfred," replied Mr. Darnley.

"Well, to-morrow be it then," said he, as he closed the door and retired for the night.

Early in the morning of the next day, a note was dispatched to know if admittance could be granted to see Louisa. The answer being favorable, Alfred, accompanied by Mr. Darnley and myself, proceeded to visit her. An intimacy of some weeks with the scene we were about to attend, had rendered me in a measure familiar with its distresses; although, so great had been the shock, on my first admission, that notwithstanding I felt greatly interested in the welfare of Louisa, and most truly solicitous to add, if possible, to her comfort, it was some days ere I could repeat my visit, and even then despaired of being able to become a constant attendant on one whose misfortunes drew so largely upon my sympathies. My venerable friend, however, in this as in many other things, set me so good an example, that I was soon able to fortify my mind to the task, and at length brought to it all the required energy. Yet, with these recollections fresh upon me, I could not but acutely feel for

the young friend we were about to conduct to this habitation of woe, and endeavored, jointly with Mr. Darnley, to prepare his mind for the sad change he must expect to observe in his beloved sister. With this advice we passed through the streets almost in silence, my friends being apparently too much absorbed in thought, and too busy with their own reflections to allow of my disturbing them by any common-place attentions.

On our arriving at the house, Mr. Darnley hastened forward to the matron, and after exchanging a few words, he beckoned me to follow him. We then proceeded to the garden, leaving Alfred in conversation with the worthy and humane guardian of his sister. In passing through the public room, we were, as usual, recognized and followed by our gay inmate, as also by two or three others with whom our constant visits had rendered us intimate. Our dear Louisa, as before, paid little attention to our arrival, more than the utterance of a faint sigh, and the casting upon us an unmeaning, vacant glance. Her appearance was at all times interesting; but this morning, as she reclined upon

the garden-chair, her pensive, saddened countenance, resting upon her arm, she seemed a perfect picture of broken-hearted loveliness.

At this moment I observed her brother and the matron slowly making towards us. He was pressing his handkerchief to his eyes, endeavoring to wipe away the evidence of an overcharged heart. On seeing him advance, the poor creatures around us made way for him; when, immediately on his entering his sister's presence, as if struck with the sad change he observed, he gave an involuntary start, and, to the surprise of all, Louisa was seen faintly to raise her hand; while, at the same moment, a slight intelligent gleam of recognition seemed to illumine her countenance, as she softly articulated, Alfred!—and fainted in her brother's arms.

The interest of this moment is beyond my power to describe. The poor maniacs around seemed moved by the scene. Our lively and most reasonable sufferer, indeed, was with difficulty kept from her; nor would she, when a little water was brought, refrain from assisting to bathe her temples, ejaculating, at every moment, her favorite expression—"Now, is she not a lovely

creature?" Our venerable friend, also, stood agitated even to tears ; but they were tears of joy, and he anxiously watched for the moment of her recovery from the swoon into which she had fallen, in hopes that with it some assurance of returning reason would be given. During this time she was supported in her chair by her brother, whose expressive eye was also intently observing every the least movement in the features of his beloved sister. At length she sighed deeply, and, soon after, those soft eyes of blue were seen mildly beaming upon his anxious countenance. " Do you know me, Louisa?" he exclaimed, as he pressed back her fair hair from her still fairer forehead, and implanted a kiss upon her trembling lip:—" do you know me?" " Yes—I do—I do," she faintly answered; " Alfred!—my brother—my dear brother!" and again she swooned upon his breast. Mr. Darnley now directed that she should be immediately conveyed into the house; which was done by her brother softly taking her in his arms and carrying her through the crowd of anxious observers. Fortunately, the medical attendant was on the spot, and being called in to assist Louisa, and informed of what

had occurred, he appeared much more pleased than surprised ; having previously given it as his opinion that her restoration to health might some day be brought about by such accidental means. He afterwards directed her to be immediately removed from her present abode, which was done almost ere reason had returned ; and the next hour saw her in that house, where much of her playful infancy had passed.

Mrs. Wilmot, the nurse of her early days, partook alike of the general surprise and joy ; and was unceasing in her endeavors to attend to the physician's instructions, which chiefly consisted in attention to her mind, her bodily health being good ; and in less than a week, to the unspeakable gratification of her many friends, she was found capable of being the guardian of her own actions ; while Mr. Darnley was heard to declare that no circumstance in his life had ever given him such unalloyed satisfaction, nor imposed upon all such just cause of thankfulness. " The two that were lost," he observed, " have been found : and long may they live to be the delight of each other's hearts, and uphold the credit of my friend's family."

To me, so quickly had one event after another been pressed upon my attention, that all seemed but as a dream, until called to acknowledge the pleasing reality by what I saw around me; and in nothing more forcibly than in observing the amiable deportment and intelligent graces of my newly-acquired friend. Truly had Mr. Darnley designated her mind, as “a treasure of intelligence;” and sad, indeed, must have been the heart of her parent, when she saw it overspread by the dark cloud of disease.

Alfred, as may be supposed, considered himself well repaid for his voyage from India; to which place, also, he soon again began to turn his attention. His mother, at whose solicitation (or, rather, for his amiable regard of whom) he had resigned every prospect of wealth and distinction, being now, unhappily, removed far beyond the influence of his actions; and there being no one but his sister and Mr. Darnley, with whose interests he could be supposed to have any particular sympathy, the latter, with that friendly consideration which had always marked his conduct towards those with whom he was in habits of intimacy, immediately bade him forego all care

of him, and lose no time in returning to the rich theatre of his industrious exertions. "Louisa, will, I am sure," he playfully added, "be much more willing to accompany you, than remain to bear with the fretfulness of four-score years, much as I know she loves me; while I may safely dispense with the personal care of Alfred relying, as I feel assured I can, for the short time that I have to live, upon the kind attentions of my friend Mr. Frankland." I need scarcely add that I felt flattered by this distinction; and in assuring him that I entertained a hope that he might survive many years to command the humble services he did me the honor to prize, joined the weight of my voice for Alfred's immediate return to his eastern prospects.

Another reason that this object should be immediately enforced, was found in the health and happiness of Louisa. On awaking from the afflicting dream in which she had been so long entranced, her first thoughts naturally recurred to her beloved mother, with the earnest request that she might immediately see her. For some short time, by the advice of the doctor, this request was evaded; but her enquiries at length becoming

importunate, and there appearing to be as much danger in withholding, as in granting a direct reply, the sad truth was disclosed. A fearful depression of spirits for a few days followed; but the affectionate attentions of friends assisted to dissipate them, while immediate preparations for a long voyage absorbed every thought.

Until this period, from motives of delicacy to Mr. Harrington, no reference had been made to his rash encounter with young Lennox. The circumstance, however, of his calling on Mrs. Lennox, enquiring if she had any commands for her son, drew from him (in his sister's absence) a minute statement of the affray. He took all blame upon himself, but excused his rashness on the score of misconceiving some passages in his mother's letter. Lennox however, he declared, was *not* that selfish being Mrs. Harrington had portrayed; but, on the contrary, now that he was beyond the influence of his mother's narrow views, had given evidence of the most honorable feelings and manly sentiments; and, moreover, that the result of their hasty meeting was a strong mutual friendship, fixed, he believed, on a basis that nothing but death could shake. They had

each, he said, been on the verge of the grave, and had each profited by their sufferings. All allusion to the unhappy difference was studiously kept from Louisa: little mention, indeed, was made in her presence, of Frederick or his prospects; but whatever she might have casually heard must have been more pleasing than otherwise to her feelings, inasmuch as it assured her of his and Alfred's intimacy. To say that the hope of again seeing him for whom she had suffered so much, had any influence upon her conduct, or gave her strength of mind to cross the seas, would perhaps be more than is warranted by the facts; although those at all acquainted with the heart of a sincere and virtuous woman, would be no way astonished at the inference. Suffice it to say, a few weeks again saw Alfred on shipboard, accompanied by his interesting charge; and a fair wind soon after wafted them from their native land, leaving to myself, with many kind injunctions, the care of one whom they had long looked upon as their counsellor and their guide.

CONCLUSION.

Thus closed my personal intimacy with the last of the Harringtons; and with their departure I could not but reflect upon the strange coincidences of life, and upon how slight a tenure our happiness in this world is held—upon what a mere thread our lives are sometimes supported. A casual meeting in a public place had led to an endearing acquaintance, and from that acquaintance, I had become the mourner of the dead—the guardian of the afflicted—and was at length destined to smooth the path to the grave of my venerable friend himself. Sufficient time only had elapsed to admit of his hearing of their safe arrival in India, with Alfred's reinstatement in his lucrative employment, and the probability of the future happiness of all parties, than he suddenly took to his bed, and in less than a week, without a sigh or a struggle, terminated a life of beneficent usefulness in a fine green old age.



Had I not, in the course of the foregoing narrative, made the reader acquainted with the general outline of Mr. Darnley's character, I might perhaps here endeavor to sketch the habits and feelings of one who had greatly pleased me in his life, and in his death had taught me, "how a Christian can die."

This, however, may be done hereafter, if I should find any disposition evinced to know more of my departed friend; especially as, in the division of his property, he had left me his books and papers.

Amongst his manuscripts I found many interesting sketches, which, if not intended for publication, bore evident marks of his having been an acute observer of life, and sufficiently warranted, by his age and experience, to become the director of his fellows.

The bulk of his property (which was considerable) he left to Louisa, without any of those restrictions which are too often entailed upon the gifts of the aged, shackling the possessor by some absurd limitations, or enforcing upon the young the occasionally confined notions of the old. But his was a mind of no ordinary power; and his

heart was as capacious as his head. Indeed, he was altogether an extraordinary man. When first I saw him from across the room in the house of his friend, I was convinced that nothing of "crabbed old age" was his :

"His eye diffused a venerable grace,
And charity itself was in his face."

Nor was I mistaken: I found in him that agreeable combination of courtesy and kindness, of gaiety and good will, so amiable in all, but so enviable in the aged: since it assures us that it is possible to pass the allotted three score years and ten in this world of care, and yet at last,

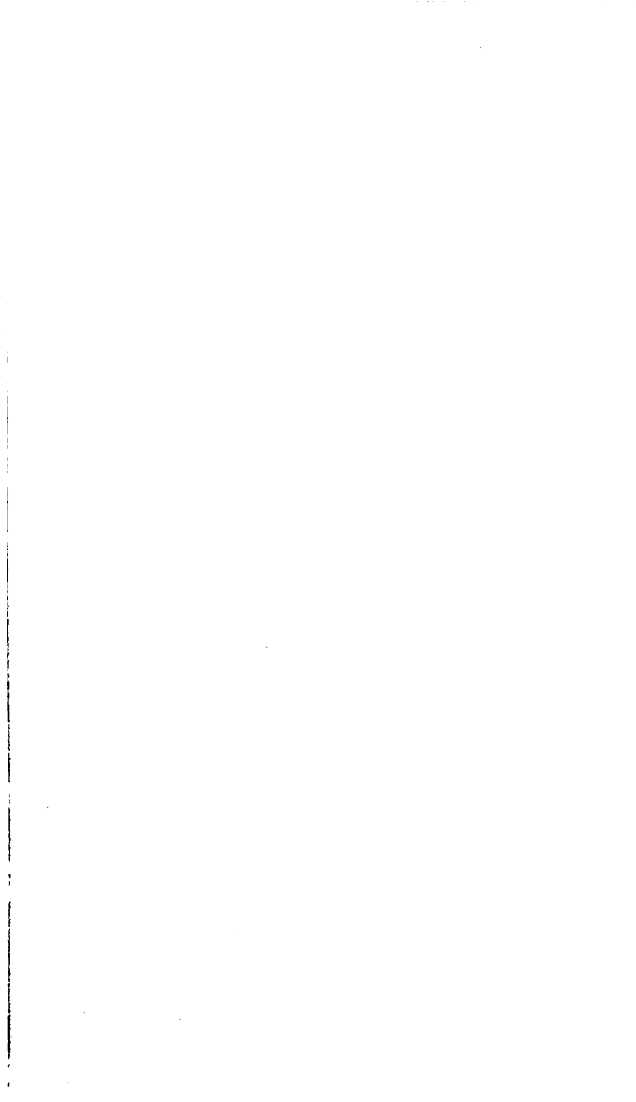
"———like an evergreen look gay,
Though all around us wither."

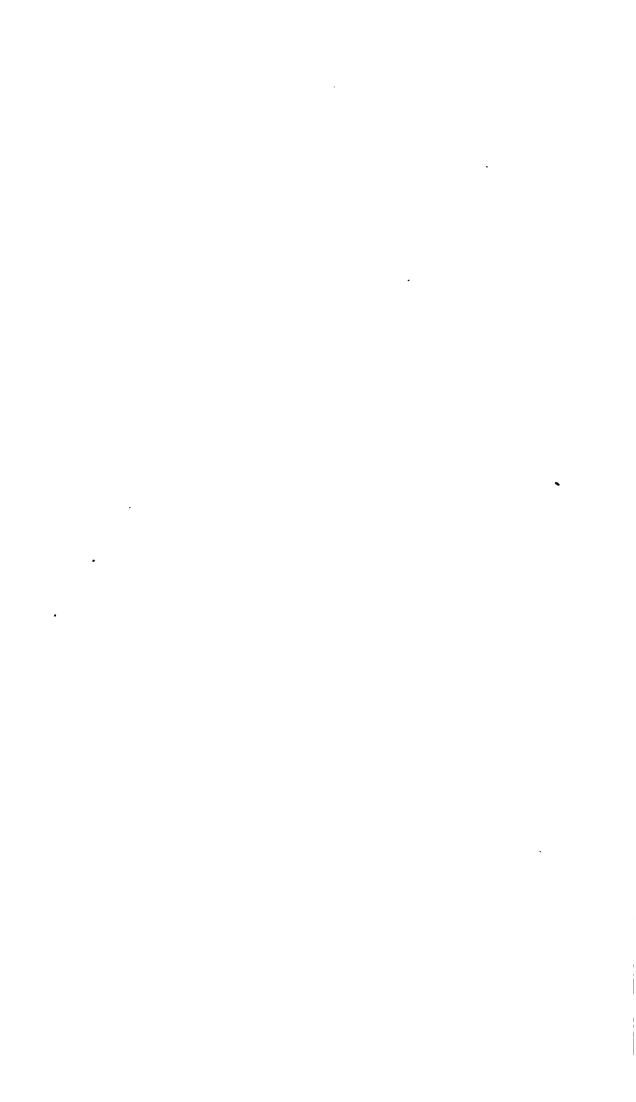
Peace to his manes !

THE END.

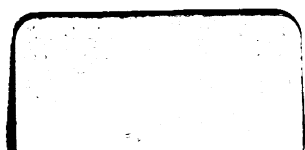


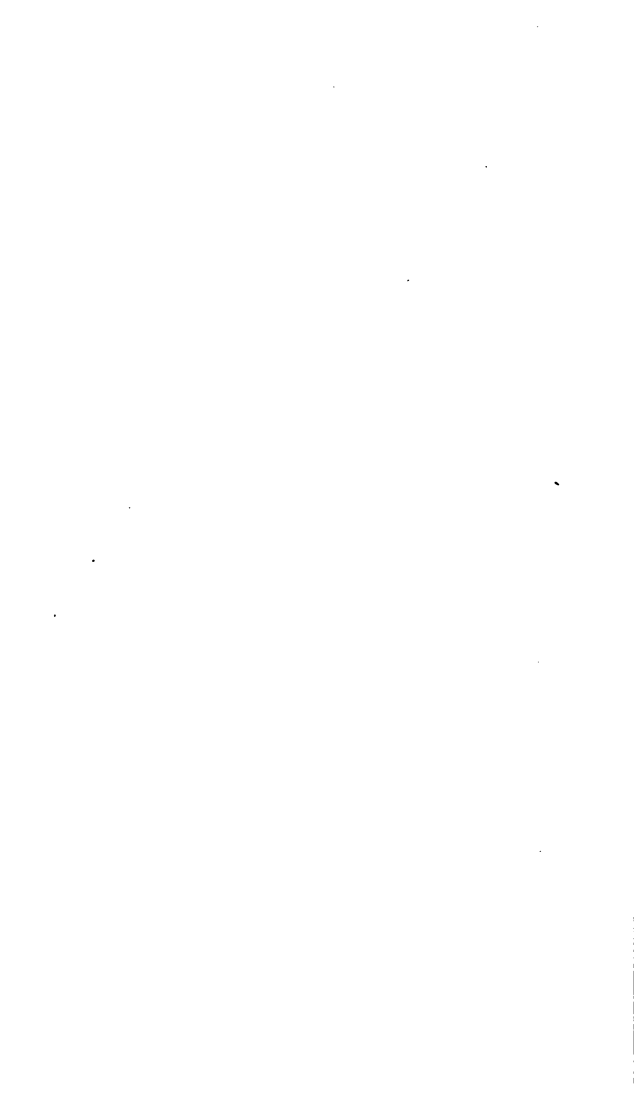






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